

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

The college life of the 1910 Seniors has drawn to a close, and the Juniors are now ready to assume their more responsible position as Seniors of 1911. This last term has been for the former a time of final examinations, and for the latter first schools and criticism lessons intermingled with the usual joys of "Scale How."

At half-term six students went to Keswick and had a delightful day; especially they enjoyed the drive in the early morning in the face of a keen north wind, while a bright winter sun, deep blue sky and water, and mountains snow-covered, made a lasting picture. Others more energetic took long walks in different directions, and at 6 o'clock it was a very happy crowd that assembled in the "boot holes."

Since then there have been four most interesting drawing-room evenings. First came Miss Viney's evening on "Erasmus," which was particularly enjoyable from beginning to end, but we will say no more about it here as a full account of it is coming out in the *Parents' Review*. Next came Miss Doris Viney's evening on "Charles Kingsley," always a delightful subject, and to which she did full justice, giving us attractive extracts from "The Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley," "Poems," "Two Years Ago," "Water Babies," and "Westward Ho!"

For the following week Miss West-Symes had prepared a "paper" on "York," and at the end we all felt a great wish to visit and know more intimately that interesting old city. During the evening the Misses Viney, Wilson, Bradford, and East sang the "Lyke Wake," originally chanted at Siward's funeral.

The last drawing-room evening was reserved for the Mendelssohn music set for the school this last term, and apparently was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, the school children of course being present. A short paper by Miss

Wilson was read by Miss Yeo, and then came the following programme, the latter part of which unfortunately had to be omitted owing to lack of time:—

1. Scotch symphony arranged as pianoforte duet (four movements), FRAULEIN GRIMM and MISS CRUSE.
2. Andante from Violin Concerto (orchestral part arranged for pianoforte), MISS PATTERSON.
3. Christmas Pieces, No. 1, DOLLY DANIEL.
4. Vocal solo, "Oh, rest in the Lord" (Elijah), FRAULEIN GRIMM.
5. Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, MISS LUNDEBLAD.
6. Two vocal solos: "Autumn Song," "Greeting," MISS BRADFORD.
7. Two of the "Songs without words": "Duetto," MISS VINEY; "Spring Song," FRAULEIN GRIMM.

Hockey this term has been fairly vigorous, but of course the persistent rain prevented several games; nevertheless, there were some exciting matches, viz., Juniors v. Seniors, and England v. The World, the latter team composed of Scotch and Irish students, but these being in the minority, others were forced to depend upon remote ancestors for their "foreign" claim.

The last Saturday of term the inmates of the college and visitors had indeed a rare treat. Dr. Hough, who during this past year went to Oberammergau, came and told us some part of what he had seen and heard, introducing the subject by a paper on "The Rise and Development of the Religious Play in Europe." Then we saw about sixty slides, and perhaps the best illustration of their beauty and interest is the fact that during most of the lecture the fall of a pin could have been heard in the closely-filled room.

Another night the school children acted "Little Bridget," which they had prepared alone and in which the distribution of parts was exceedingly good. Then two fourth form girls acted both amusingly and well a dialogue, "Miss Honey's Treasure."



On Monday night the Juniors gave their play, "The Iron Arm," which caused much merriment.

The dissipations were continued the next night, when we thoroughly enjoyed the Christmas dance, during which Miss Mason awarded the prizes gained in the art examination:—Miss Viney, 1st prize; Miss East, 2nd; and Miss Newman, 3rd. At the end of the evening we sang "Auld Lang Syne," followed by three cheers each for Miss Mason, Miss Williams, the Staff, and the Monitresses.

On Thursday morning we all said "Good-bye!"—Yours affectionately,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

C.M.S. GIRLS' SCHOOL,  
GAYAZA, UGANDA.

*October 25th, 1910.*

DEAR FRIENDS,

The arrival of the September number of L'UMILE PIANTA reminds me that it is time I told you something more of the work here. One thing I am glad to tell you is that I passed my first language examination in July, so that now I do not feel quite so much the great barrier between me and these people which existed before when I could neither understand them nor speak with them. I have quite a full school day now, taking a number of classes. Perhaps you would like to hear something of our school day here. It begins at 8.30 in the morning and goes on till 11.30, then in the afternoon from 1.30 until 4 o'clock. But you must remember that at 6 a.m. all the children go out with the matrons into the plantations to work until 7.30. How would our English children like that, I wonder, and before having eaten anything at all, for it is not the custom of these people to eat until mid-day. School begins with morning prayers, but I do not attend, as I take that time for language study. After prayers there is reading for every class; this is really a Bible class, as the Bible is the only reading book. I take one of

the middle classes and I have ten girls; they know very little at present, as up till now they have been taught by one of our native matrons, and the result is that not one of them has yet begun to think at all. They are reading the Gospel of St. Luke, some of them for the fourth time, and yet after we have read a few verses some of them when questioned can answer nothing. It is not that they are really dull and incapable of taking anything in, but they have absolutely no power of application. After the reading class comes writing for the whole school. There are five writing classes, four of which are taken by our elder girls, and the top class writes a composition. I supervise all the classes, visiting each in turn to see how the teaching is going on; sometimes I take a class in order to give the teacher a lesson. Some of them are becoming quite good teachers, but occasionally I find some of them sitting down doing their own home work quite indifferent to the needs of their class. The worst of having the girls as teachers is that just as they begin to do good work they leave the school to get married, so we have continual changes, and thus are never able to get experienced teachers. The matrons, of whom we have six, are supposed to be teachers, but they only take reading classes, some of them cannot even write, three of them are learning in the very lowest class with the beginners. After the writing we have different classes each day—drilling, modelling, or geography. I should like you to see how much the beautiful maps you gave me are appreciated by the children. They are very keen to find their own country in the map of Africa and their lake, the Victoria Nyanza.

I have two drilling-classes, and in these my great difficulty is to get the children to drill with any energy. They keep in time quite well and remember the different exercises excellently, but with two or three exceptions they drill in such a lazy, indolent way as though it was a burden to them to lift up their arms. But I suppose one cannot expect everything at once, and indolence is inborn in them. I have begun a



brush-drawing class among some of the elder ones. They all love it and would not be absent from this class for anything. None of them had ever seen either brush or paint in their lives before; so it was indeed the beginning of things. So far their doings have not been astonishing, except perhaps as regards the wonderful monstrosities of vegetable life which they produce. But they are certainly improving, and at any rate their powers of observation are being exercised as they have never been before.

I think that our greatest difficulty with these children is in making them obedient. This, the first lesson we teach our little ones at home, they have never learnt in their homes. The parents never teach their children to obey; they say that if they punish them the children will not like them, so they are allowed to do exactly as they please, until they become intolerable, which very soon happens, and then they send them off to some relation to manage. Parents, they say, can never manage their own children. That is why we get so many difficult ones. People say to anyone with an incorrigible child, "Why don't you send her to Gayaza? She will be managed there." But as you may imagine, our task is rendered very difficult when we have seventy children of all ages, very few of whom have ever learnt obedience.

I am, Yours sincerely,  
C. JANET SMYTH.

8, DUKE STREET,  
EDINBURGH.

January 4th, 1911.

DEAR EDITOR,

The Edinburgh Branch of the Students' Association met at the above address by the kind invitation of Mrs. Pringle. We congratulated ourselves on having achieved a second annual meeting, and passed a very pleasant afternoon, though no business was done. An apology for absence was received from Miss Edgar (1906), and we regretted the non-appearance of four others who had hoped to be present.

A New Year's Greeting was sent to Miss Mason by Grace M. Mackenzie (1898), Mary L. MacKelvie (1899), Mabel L. Strachan (1899), Ida E. Pringle (1902), Elizabeth A. Smith (1904), Ismay E. Brown (1909), Laura M. MacDonald (1909), Jessie H. Smith (1909).

### TRAVEL NOTES FROM S.S. "MANTUA."

What strikes a traveller most voyaging from West to East is the wealth of colour growing in intensity and richness as one journeys Eastward. At that gate of the East, Port Said, it begins with the vivid blue of the sea, the white glare of the houses in the brilliant sunshine, and the darkly contrasting shadows. The Red Sea should be named the Blue Sea, for it looked as if the whole of Reckitts' factory had been emptied into it; perhaps it is called Red from the red ochre colour of its sand banks. Have you ever heard the Mahomedan version of the Red Sea crossing? It was related to a missionary by a Mahomedan who claimed that it was a great improvement on the Old Testament version. He said that each of the twelve tribes had a separate little lane, and there were windows between the lanes through which they could see each other. We had a good view of Mount Sinai rising in the distance from a fairylike range of mountains of the most opalescent tints. In the Indian Ocean we saw thousands of flying fishes; they rose in shoals from the water as the great ship went by, and flew two or three hundred yards. I also saw a whale spout; it seemed as if a sudden jet of steam sprang out of the water, and then a great black side heaved up and I recognised the source from which the mysterious fountain sprang. We enjoyed glorious sunsets and a full moon in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and one evening the sun set astern of the ship as the moon rose up a golden ball ahead of us. Thus while the moon was turning to silver in one part of the heavens, there was all the glory of the after-glow in another part. Orange and red merging to palest amethyst and mauve, the few dark clouds, remnants